A ſigne of dignity, a gariſh flagge,
To bee the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to me and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
where be the thronging troupes that followed thee
Decline all this and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, amoſt diſtreſſed widdow:
For ioyfull mother one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a uery Catife crown'd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humble ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art:
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes will make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemyes.
Qu, Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare deaths happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe make the bad cauſer worſe,
Revoluing this will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu, M. Thy woes will make them ſharp & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your clients woes,
Aiery ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they doe impart
Helpe not all, yet not doe they eaſe the hart.
Dut. If ſo, then be not tong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmoother
My damned ſonne, which thy too ſonnes ſmother'd
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with drummes and trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Had'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where ſhou'd be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Clarene*?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Riuers* *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tell-taile women
Raile on the Lord anointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſounds.*
Either be patient and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous reports of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my Father and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. and briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
Dut. art thou ſo haſtie I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. and came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:

A